

The Forerunner's Blades

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Summary: Andreas has somehow come across strange blades made by the Forerunners. What powers do they hold and will they help him escape the Covenant?

first FanFic. Will update soon.

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Hearing the chattering of the Grunts outside the door Andreas knew he was running out of time. Taking the two wickedly curved blades from off his desk he crouched behind the old wooden door. The Grunts apparently momentarily perplexed by the mechanism of the door knob paused. The knob turned. The Grunts entered gripping their plasma pistols.

Hidden behind the door Andreas held his breath. He waited as three forms passed by the crack between the door and wall. Hearing the Grunts move further into the room he pushed the door silently closed and stood up. The Grunts still blissfully unaware kept walking forward.

Ragturg had lived a reasonably long life for a Grunt, he got that way be being cautious. Maybe it was something about the strange door that set him off but he was feeling uneasy. Then it happened, something lanced through him and he couldn't move, he tried to speak but all that came out was his purple blood. He was aware of a hissing as his methane tank began to leak out its contents. He began to feel something was being torn away, something intangible. His life seem to travel up something. Something cold, something metal, then he saw a bright light, then...

Andreas shuddered as something sent a strange pulse through him. _This is the last time I buy Forerunner brand merchandise. _Yanking the blade from the Grunts body and snatching up the plasma pistol Andreas ducked through the door. He seemed to be moving somewhat faster.

He could hear two Elites moving down the hall. Charging the pistol to full he could feel it vibrate in his hands so violently it hummed. He clutched that much harder and the vibrations stopped.
Alright...

Popping out from behind a corner Andreas fired the charged blast leaving a hole in an Elite's chest. The other Elite began firing his Needler only to find a blade in his abdomen. With a violent upward jerk Andreas sliced through the Elite's upper body its blood and juices mixed and painted the blade

End
file.